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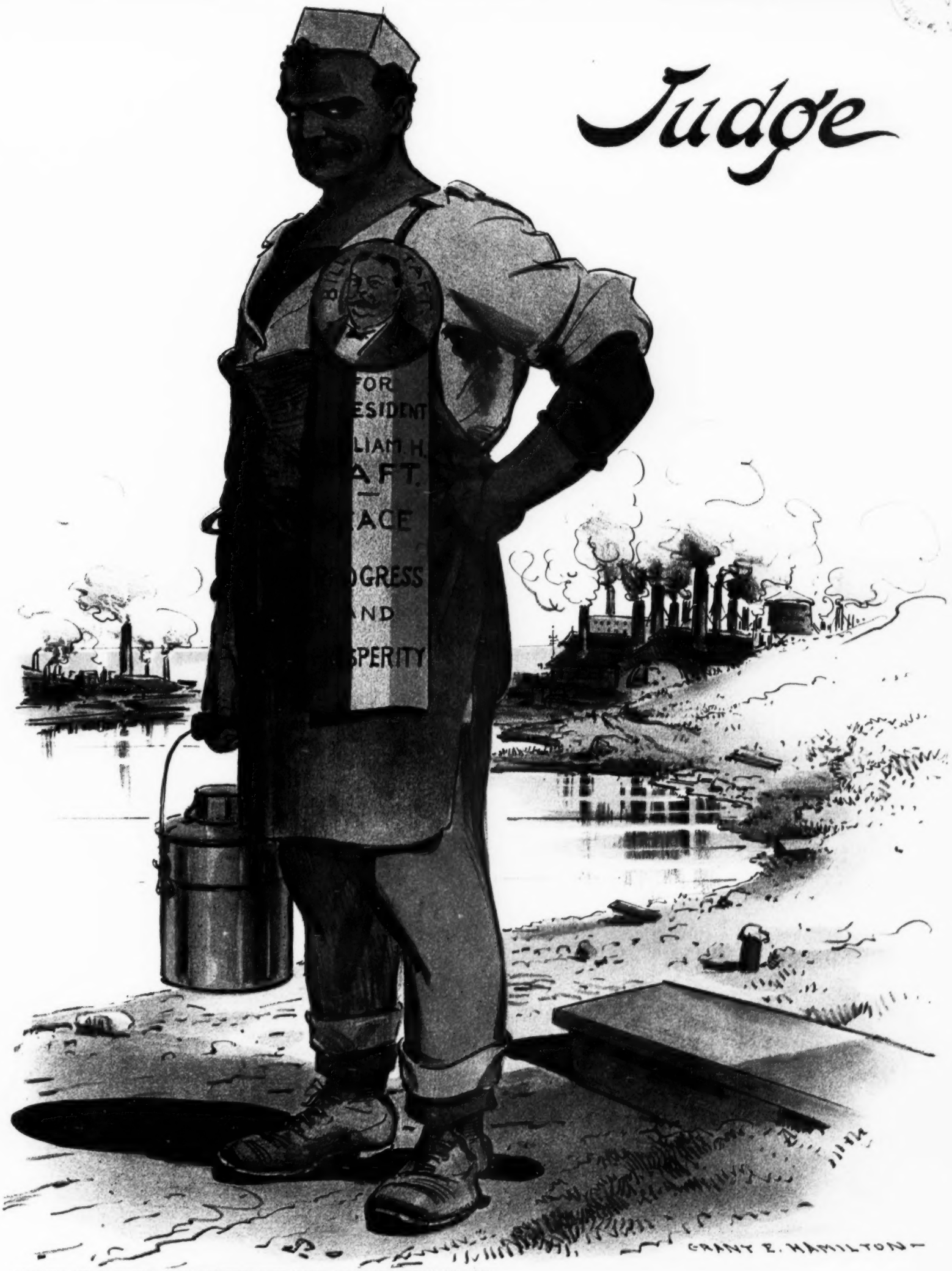

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HE KNOWS WHICH SIDE HIS BREAD IS BUTTERED ON.

Judge

Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Ave., New York. Cable Address, "Judgark." Tel. 6632 Madison Square.

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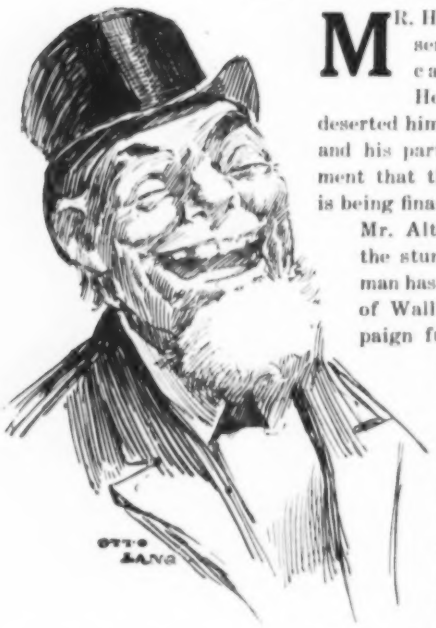
BLUE ATMOSPHERE.



MR. HEARST says the oil trust sent Foraker money for his campaign. One of Mr. Hearst's party leaders has deserted him and gone over to Bryan, and his parthian shot is the statement that the Independence League is being financed by the Republicans. Mr. Alton B. Parker states on the stump that Candidate Sherman has been into the very depths of Wall Street collecting campaign funds; while on the other hand Messrs. Guffey, Hearst, and others say that Bryan is not above soliciting contributions from an octopus wherever he can get an octopus's ear. This is a fearful state of affairs. So many of our public men are acquainted with so much that is evil in the conduct of the opposing parties that you would think that they would soon become confirmed cynics and see no good in anything. Taft seems to be the only man not yet accused of secret and perfidious dealings of one sort or another. We are glad we are planning to cast our vote for him. But after all it is merely a matter of luck. If Mr. Hearst were not now busy with Mr. Bryan, doubtless he or his able amanuensis would be able to recall from personal experience a vast number of unmentionable evils in the past of the Republican presidential candidate. When we say unmentionable, we mean unmentionable in any place other than the pages of the Hearst press.

. . .

POT AND KETTLE.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL JACKSON, of the State of New York, is reported to have demanded renomination, and in the course of his argument he told "Fingy" Conners that unless the machine granted him this he would proceed at once to investigate the department of State engineer. Bully for Jackson! He has just been investigated himself, with unpleasant results, and he seems to take it for granted that he could dig up a few unpleasant skeletons in some other of the public departments. Why do New York politics smell so badly? Is it really worse here than elsewhere? We can afford to hope so, because we can at least point to the finest and cleanest type of Governor that the country has produced. Two more years of that "animated feather duster" may sweep a little more dust out of our political corners without any assistance from Mr. Jackson. And not in any spirit of political revenge either, but merely in a desire to do justice to that large part of the public which is not engaged in remunerative politics.

. . .

IT IS time a movement was started to change the date of presidential elections from November to April, or thereabouts. As at present arranged, the political campaign interferes too much with baseball.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

MR. CHANLER is going to have a hard time putting up a vigorous campaign against Governor Hughes. He is an ingenuous and thoroughly honest young man and during his term as Lieutenant-Governor has been outspoken in his enthusiasm for his chief. It looks almost as though we might be confronted in New York by the astonishing spectacle of an opposition candidate who devotes no time to scandal and vituperation, but discusses political issues pure and simple. Is this accident or the millennium?

. . .

WHILE Mr. Bryan and Uncle Joe Cannon quarrel over the sources and amounts of their several incomes, Mr. Taft busily discusses affairs of state, reasoning with his audiences, as man to man, about the various important governmental policies to be pursued during the next four years. We have no comment to make; the fact merely strikes us as interesting.

. . .

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT just before he took leave of his village neighbors down on Long Island set 'em all up to red lemonade. Does the experience of Fairbanks mean nothing to this fearless man, or is it that he intends never to run for office again? Our own interpretation of the event is that he is just plain careless.

. . .

PHILADELPHIA will be two hundred and twenty-five years old very soon. Other cities don't get so old in the same length of time. We once heard of a man who spent two weeks there one Sunday

YES, BRYAN LOVES THE BIG STICK.

"CANNED."

BRYAN'S speeches now are
"canned"
By the phonograph.
Greatest scheme in all the land,
Yet—it is to laugh!

Purchasers of Bryan's brand
May as well remember
That the speaker will be canned,
Likewise, in November.

WILLIS LEONARD CLANAHAN.

LOCATED.

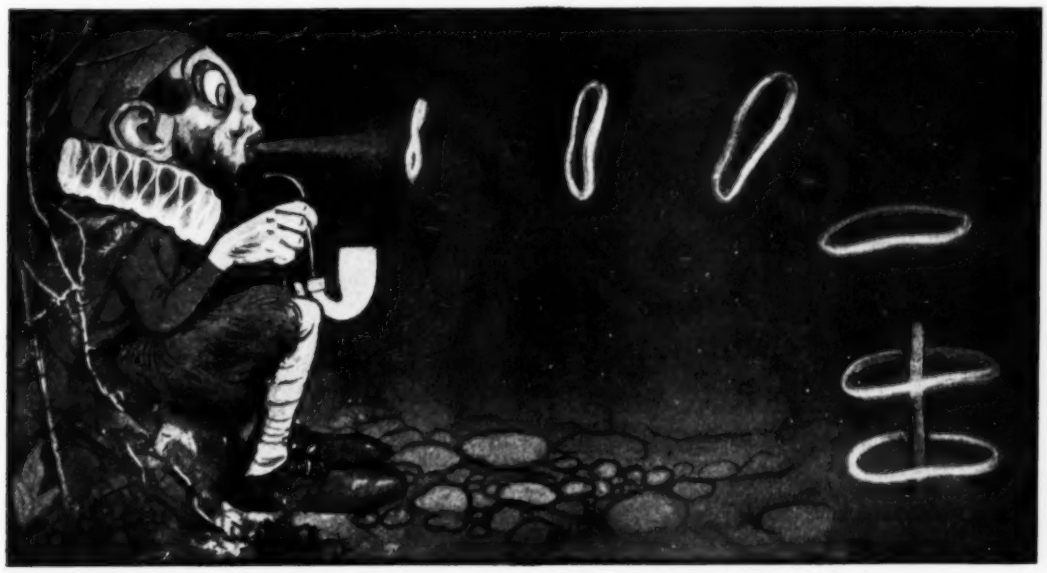
Seaver—"What's become of the fool who rocks the boat?"

Weaver—"Oh, he's smoking cigarettes around a gasoline engine."

THEY tell us that dollars used to go further than they do now. Possibly that is why they are for the most part beyond our reach. They haven't had time to get back.

LITTLE DANGER.

"Squire Jones had anuddah valuable hoss stole las' night."
"Fo' de lan'! ef dat sort ob t'ing gwine ter keep up, hit's time I's gittin' a new lock on mah bahn do'."



QUOITS A LA SOLITAIRE.

An elt in ruff and fuzzy cloak sat deep within the brake,
A-blowing rings of woolly smoke upon a wooden stake.

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AVOIDS LABOR.

"HATES work, does he?"
"Goodness, yes! He never even labors under intense excitement."

KEPT IT DARK.

Mother—"Lucy, did you tell God how naughty you were last night?"

Lucy—"No, ma; for I was ashamed to let it out of the family."

RAGGED RASCAL RHYMES.

"WHY goes she through the street-car door
Sidewise and slow like that?"
"She got the habit when she wore
A Merry Widow hat."

"Why doth she now sit white and cold
As any frozen rock?"
"She now recalleth that her fare
Is hidden in her sock."

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

SHOWING HIS SYMPATHY.

A NEW negro waiter in a big summer hotel, which, owing to stupid mismanagement, was fast losing money, served a pompous-appearing gentleman and patiently waited for his tip. This not forthcoming, although the diner finished and rose to depart, the waiter said gently, "'Xcuse me, sah; haven't yo' fo'got something?"

The gentleman turned upon him. "Do you know who I am?" he demanded. "I am the owner of this hotel!"

"Oh, Ah beg yo' pardon, sah! Ah's really sorry yo' is on yo' uppahs, sah!"

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THE DOOR.

"All I need is an opening, sir."
"What's the matter with the one you just came through?"

JUDGE'S FAVORITE.

EMILY STEVENS IN "THE DEVIL," AS PRESENTED BY HARRISON GREY FISKE.

Though the Devil 's never pretty,
Yet he's quite a boy.
Since you joined him all the city
Goes to him with joy.

PUZZLE PICTURE.

From th' soles av me feet
'To th' crown av me head,
Three toimes it is written
Oi'm ould-counthry bred!

HAPPINESS.

THE young poet had just finished what he considered to be a work of real inspiration, and, rising from his table, he hastened upstairs to where his little wife, a bride of six weeks, was sitting darning his socks.

"Listen, sweetheart," he whispered tenderly. "I have just written this."

And he began to read. He put his whole soul into the reading. His gestures were graceful; his intonation perfect. The whole spirit of his beautiful poem breathed forth as he threaded his way from the beginning to the end of his theme, and when he had finished he looked at her, awaiting her verdict.

For a time she was silent.

"Well, dear heart," he said, "tell me what you are thinking."

"I was wondering, dearest"——

"What?"

"Whether the butcher was not awfully late with that liver," she replied.

AN UNFORTUNATE QUESTION.

A YOUNG Celt, just over from the old sod, applied at the office of a big New York establishment for work.

"You say you have a brother working here in this shop? What's his name?" inquired the superintendent.

"Murphy, sor."

"But there are several Murphys here. What kind of a job has your brother? What does he do?"

"Oi don't know what he does, but he calls it a—a cinch job, sor."

KISMET.

HOW often in the stilly night
I've barked my shins on every flight,
And cursed the irony of it,
That I, and not the gas, was lit.

THE superior person who looks upon making love as the occupation of fools is guilty of contempt of court and should be treated accordingly.

A FAIR ARGUMENT.

Fatherly clergyman (surprising young parishioner in curl-papers)—"Why don't you leave your hair as it was meant to be, my child? If Nature had wanted your hair to curl she would have curled it for you."

Offended young lady—"When I was a little girl she did, sir; but I suppose she now thinks I am quite old enough to do it for myself."

EXPLAINED.

"THE Democrats took quarts and quarts of champagne to Rochester with them."

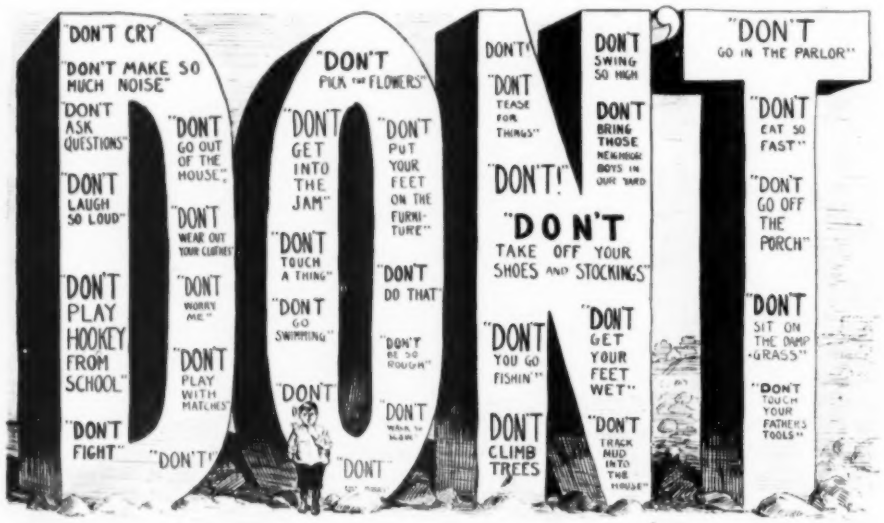
"How did they return?"

"They came home without a split in the party."

OBLIGING, YET GRATEFUL.

"IT IS very kind of you," said the lady to her stout husband as he knelt before her to put on her overshoes.

"Don't mention it, my dear," he replied. "Nevertheless, I am glad you are not a centipede."



I. When I was just a little boy,
As active as a cat,
The word that always blocked my joy
Was, "DON'T do that!"

REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA.

RENFREW BINKS, our station agent, says that heat expands the rails consid'ble, and he has got it figured out that it is four miles farther from here to New York in the summer than it is in the winter.

Grass widders are not always so green as they might be.

It are a wise lawnmower that knoweth its own master.

I don't know which is the fastest typewriter made, but there are one or two blonde ones around our burg that are pretty middlin' swift.

There is only one way to take down a stovepipe without gettin' soot on the carpet, and that is to take up the carpet first.

Hank Tumms expects to git out a writ of certorari ag'in Hod Peters if he can find any pettyfogger around these parts who knows how to spell it, how to pronounce it, or what it means.

Grandpa Purdy sent down to New York for one of them fancy refrigerators to keep ice in, but got stung. Grandpa says he can't keep ice in it, as the ice melts just the same as anywhere else.

The common council has rented the fire engine out to James Spink to spray 'tater bugs on his north forty. In case of fire breakin' out in our midst, the chief will mail James a postal card and tell him to send the engine home.

The first circus a feller ever sees is always the best, and all the rest is rank imitations.

Everything seems to be "Made in Germany" now, exceptin' them genuine imitation German silver tablespuns.

A feller was through here the other day sellin' something he called "peanut butter." By gravy! it must be a pretty particular cuss that can't eat peanuts without puttin' butter on them.

The Taft and Sherman Marchin' Club of our midst has ordered fine oilcloth uniforms, and Elmer Spink has turned Republican so he kin wear one of the suits and make the new trimmer at Miss Stubbs's millinery emporium set up and take notice.

Hod Peters stole the sheet-iron thunderstorm from the opry house last week to patch up a hole in his tin roof.

Miss Lutie Bibbins expects to go to some finishin' school, and Hod Peters says it ain't hard to see what her finish will be.

Grandpa Purdy says Bill Taft hasn't got any show this time, and Bill Bryan hasn't got any show either, and the only Bill who has got a show is Buffalo Bill. Grandpa is quite comic at times, and should be writin' for some almanac.

ROY K. MOULTON.

"Not in your set? Why, we were both born in the same incubator. What!"

AERO ITEMS.

"What's the matter, old man—been in a wreck?"

"No. I was scorching on the Milky Way when my machine became unmanageable, and before I could get it under control I had looped the loop around Saturn and knocked the spots off the sun."

IN AFTER YEARS.

Mrs. Gushington—"Do you remember, colonel, the time you proposed to me and I refused you?"

Colonel Courtly—"Madam, it is the one moment of my life that I remember with the greatest pleasure."

NEWS ITEM—A man in Petunia drank gasoline by mistake. Now, instead of coughing, he honks.

2. But by the time I've got it pat
My childhood days are throug!
And now the word I'm staring at
Is Do! Do! Do!

SONG OF THE CLAM SLOOP.

SUNUP on de ol' green riveh,
Steamboat movin' slow;
Big red paddles creak en quiveh—
Heah her whistle blow!
Shif' det ruddeh roun' a quarteh!
She almos' run us down.
But we's off foh shallow wateh,
Wheh de clam grows fat en roun'.

Shif' det tilleh! Steady, Jim!
Mak' det san' bah loop.
Den lif' det clam fum de riveh rim
To de hol' ob de ol' clam sloop.

Sundown en de night win' blowin';
Ol' sail creak en twis';
Red eye ob de lighthouse glowin'
Fro' de riveh mis'.
Tack out when de tide am leaben,
Drop de anchoh down;
Sing away de moonlight eaben,
En pass de jug aroun'.

Sam he wiel' his ol' clam knife
En mak' det rich clam soup.
Oh, happy am de clammeh's life,
Abohd de ol' clam sloop!

VICTOR A. HERMANN.

AMENITIES.

He—"Then, as *you* won't marry me, I shall have to look for a girl who will."
She—"Yes; and I should start early, if I were you, for it'll take some time."

WOULD PAY IN ADVANCE.

A YOUNG Scotch farmer, who could not read, came into a small country city directly after an "anti-spitting" ordinance had come into effect, and, as fate would have it, was walking directly toward the single policeman of which the place boasted when the period of release for a copious amount of tobacco juice became due. The profuse squirt lit with a splash directly in the middle of the sidewalk, and the Scot was subsequently taken in charge by the copper and hustled before the police magistrate.

When told of the nature of his offense he warmly protested ignorance of the law, but was informed that this did not shield him. At the magistrate's advice he pleaded guilty, and was fined five dollars and costs. This totaled seven dollars and fifty cents.

With painful dignity the young kiltie drew forth a wallet and extracted therefrom a ten-dollar bill, which he placed upon the desk and turned to leave the place.

"Wait a moment, my friend," called the officer. "Here is your change."

"Nae, mon, I winna tak' it," coolly replied the Scotchman. "I mae wiss to blaw my nase befoor I lea'e toun."

WANTED TO KNOW.

Caller—"How many children have you?"

Irascible female—"Are you the census taker, or are you asking just to gratify the curiosity of Mr. Roosevelt?"

Curly locks, curly locks,
Wilt thou be mine?
Yes; this is bargain day—

THE SAUSAGE KING.

THE king of the sausages lives afar
(Waiter, put stones in the oyster stew),
In a distant isle where the pretzels are.
(Butter your hair and try a few.)
His ways are odd and his manners rude,
His tastes are rough and his quarters crude,
But he bears them with frankfortitude.
(Waiter, more stones in the oyster stew.)

He sailed to the isle on a canine bark
(Waiter, put stones in the oyster stew),
From a German picnic in the park.
(Butter your hair and try a few.)
He built his house on a side hill bleak,
And the roof of the blooming thing would leak,
So he couldn't live in it once a week.
(Waiter, more stones in the oyster stew.)

A queer old chap is the sausage king
(Waiter, put stones in the oyster stew);
He's given to eating most any old thing.
(Butter your hair and try a few.)
For his Sausageship is sorely curst,
With nothing to drink and a burning thirst,
And his children go from worse to wurst.
(Waiter, more stones in the oyster stew.)

But I'd like to live on the Sausage Isle
(Waiter, put stones in the oyster stew),
Where they raise hot sausages every style
(Butter your hair and try a few),
Where the food is fat and the talk is Dutch,
And nobody ever amounts to much.
Ah, take me there, for I like it such!
(Waiter, I'm done with the oyster stew.)

BERTON BRALEY.

PASSING CHAFF.

"Tombly's running a crematory. Queer vocation, ain't it?"
"How so?"
"He's earning his living by urning his dead."

"You don't seem to realize I'm delicate, and this housework is simply using me up. It will kill me."

IT ALL DEPENDS.

But to prepare and do all the cooking to entertain a lot of lady friends about twice a week is mere pleasure.

NOT SO IN CANADA.

Man (to boy at roadside)—"What time is it?"

Boy—"Purty near twelve o'clock."

Man—"I thought it was more than twelve."

Boy—"Nope. Never gets more than twelve in this country. Begins at one again."

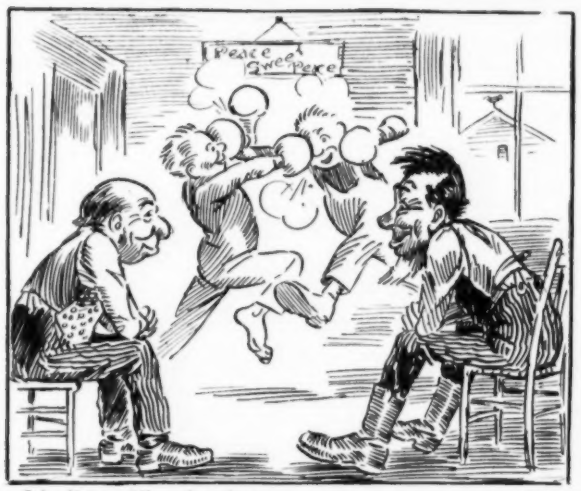
ARDENTLY DESIRED.

Mrs. Henpeck—"There's no use in your trying to dispute what I say. I'm determined to have the last word."

Mr. Henpeck—"I'm quite willing you should, my dear, only do have it soon."

OUR SAVAGE ANCESTORS.

CIVILIZED WARFARE IS A PRODUCT OF RECENT GENERATIONS!



1. *Job*—"Say, Sile, what do you say we put 'em on once? We used to box hats, y' know."

2. *Sile*—"All right, Job, if you'll hit easy."

3. *Job*—"Oh, we'll hit easy—'baout like that." (*Spat!*)

4. *Sile*—"Here, ding you! y' hit before I was ready." (*Biff!*)

5. *Job*—"Say! *them* gloves is lots harder than these is." (*Biff! Thud!*)

6. *Sile*—"Is my knuckles any softer, dern ye!" (*Biff! Thud! Pop!*)

7. *Job*, *Sile*—"Biff! Thud! Pop! Smash!"

8. *The kids*—"I thought you were goin' to hit easy?" *Job*, *Sile*—"Wa-al, *I* did, but he lost his temper!"

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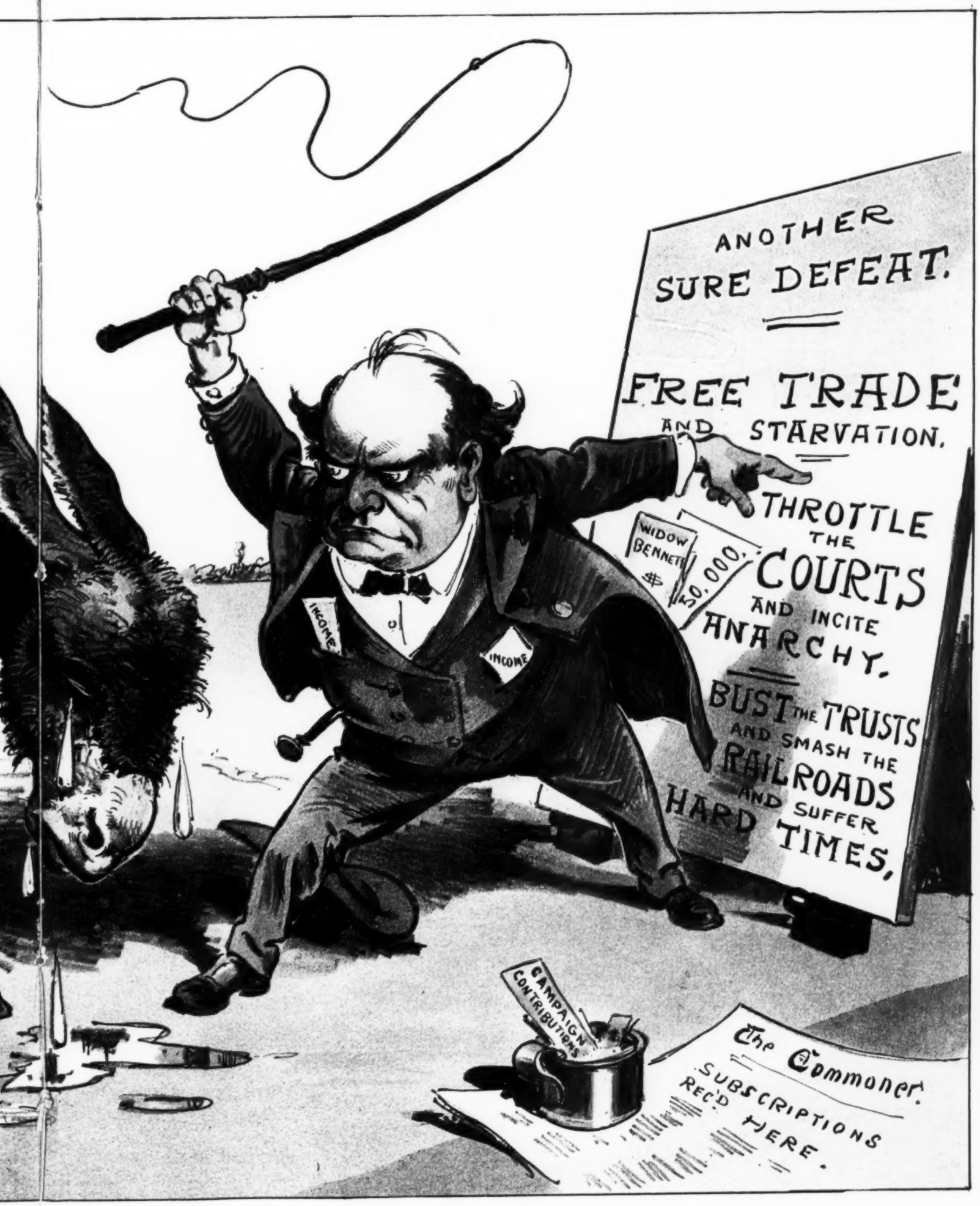
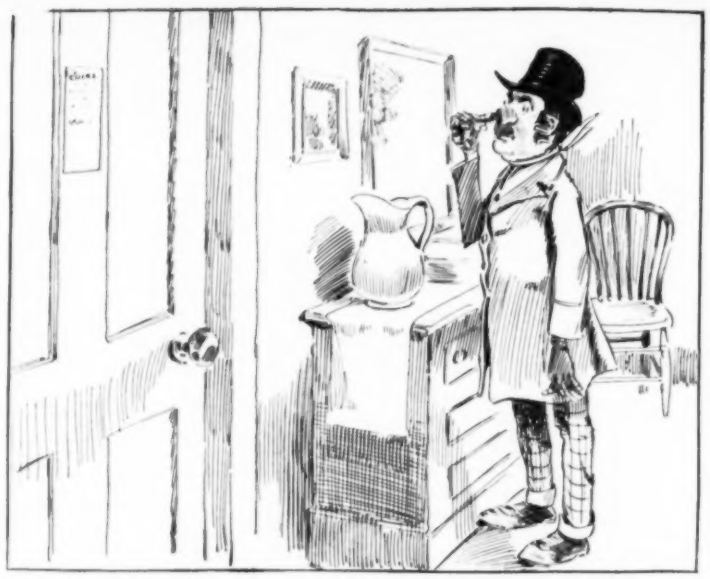
"SMILE, DARN Y


ANOTHER
SURE DEFEAT.
FREE TRADE
AND STARVATION.
THROTTLE
THE
COURTS
AND INCITE
ANARCHY.
BUST THE TRUSTS
AND SMASH THE
RAILROADS
AND SUFFER
HARD TIMES,
WIDOW BENNETT
$50,000.
INCOME
INCOME
CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS
The Commoner.
SUBSCRIPTIONS
REC'D HERE.

RN YOU! SMILE!!"

1. *Nervy Nat*—"So Jay County is holding another garden-truck convention? Well, well! I must see that, just to murder time while in this cemetery—and I have just been bumped by an idea. I'll go as an attraction."



2. *Nervy Nat*—"These togs that I borrowed from my actor friend in the next cell will be just the thing. I'll butt in as Sherman, Vice-President-to-be. Sounds good, does it not? I'll make even the fat stock sit up and listen."

3. *Gateman*—"Welcome, distinguished guest! The freedom of the grounds is yours."

Nervy Nat—"Hello, Cy, you old stiff! How's the milch-cow exhibit?"

4. *Nervy Nat*—"Oh, pretty baby wiz its mamma! You must let me kiss it. That's what I'm here for. Bring 'em all along, ladies—I love children—the more the merrier. Oh, you sweet ittle sing!"

5. *The mother*—"I'll name my baby James S., even though she is a girl."

The child—"Ga! gaw! yow!"

Nervy Nat—"Thunder and guns! exposed by an infant! Pulled off my false whiskers! I'll bet that kid 's either a Democrat or an anarchist."

6. *Constable*—"You're Vice-President Sherman, are ye? You're one o' them bunco-steerer fellers from York, an' I jist intend to run ye out o' town."

Nervy Nat—"Well, I meant right; but the best-laid plans of mice and men, et cetera. Take your hand off my celluloid collar, you milk peddler! I was going now, anyway."

NO. 61—NERVY NAT AT THE COUNTY FAIR.

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NOTE.—The First Series of Nervy Nat's Adventures is now ready, handsomely bound in book form. Price, 75 cents; 10 cents additional for postage when ordered by mail. Address JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Evans' Ale

OLD friends are the best friends; old ale the best ale—Evans' has stood the test of 122 years, solely on its merit and intrinsic worth.

Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons and Dealers.

Of course it isn't absolutely sure that the man who never puts off till to-morrow what he can do to-day was working yesterday.—*Somerville Journal.*

HE KNEW.

Teacher—"Tommy, what is the plural of pauper?"

Tommy—"Why, porpo'ses, ma'am!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

With men of affairs a teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters and grape fruit is the popular breakfast diet.

EXPLAINED.

"What did you mean by this poem?" inquired a delegation of admirers.

"I didn't mean anything," answered the great poet frankly. "I wrote that poem for a monthly magazine. I did not expect it to be published in a book collection."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

It is more blessed to give than receive—especially in case of something that will cause a dark swelling over the eye.—*Scranton Tribune.*

"New Process" GILLETTE Blades

AN INSTANTANEOUS SUCCESS

"New Process" GILLETTE blades have been on sale at all dealers since September 1st, 1908, and have scored an unqualified success.

Their wonderful keenness, durability and finish is fully recognized and proves them to be superior to any blades heretofore placed on the market.

Their cordial reception has richly repaid us for the four years' earnest work we spent in perfecting the process necessary to produce them.

Their success has proved our wisdom in selecting a steel made after our own formula, specially refined to answer the requirements of our new process.

The demand for them has justified the cost of the automatic machines which sharpen each edge individually and insure their unvarying keenness.

"New Process" GILLETTE blades are paper-thin, hard as flint, and require NO STROPPING—NO HONING.

The coarsest beard readily yields to their marvelous keenness.

Beyond the efficient and satisfactory results derived from "New Process" blades, the feature of ***greater durability*** cannot fail to attract old and new friends to the "Gillette Way" of ***perfect shaving,*** only possible with "New Process" blades.

Greater durability means a lessening to the already low cost of a daily shave with the Gillette Safety Razor.

The unique nickel-plated box, too, is generally praised.

It seals itself hermetically every time it is closed—is absolutely damp-proof and protects the blades from rust in any climate, thus prolonging their life and utility.

TWELVE "NEW PROCESS" GILLETTE BLADES ARE PACKED IN THE BOX.

THE RETAIL PRICE IS ONE DOLLAR.

A GILLETTE with "New Process" blades will give you more comfort—more genuine satisfaction than any shaving device you ever tried. No matter how you are now being shaved it will pay you to adopt the "GILLETTE Way." It will save you money—time—worry.

The standard razor set consists of triple silver plated razor and 12 "New Process" blades in morocco, velvet-lined case. Price $5.00.

Combination sets containing toilet accessories, at prices ranging from $6.50 to $50.00.

At all hardware, drug, jewelry, cutlery and sporting goods dealers.

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O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber Give Energy and Elasticity to Your Walk

In the economy of walking, heels of live new rubber are an essential factor.

Nothing explains the value of Heels of new live rubber in walking better than Mr. Carnegie's version of elasticity as the element necessary for the United States currency.

The energy, yes, the energy, of new *LIVE* Rubber UNDER YOUR HEEL AT EVERY STEP, whether you stand or walk, is what you want.

Energy to walk, energy to work, to act, to think; the more energy the more life; the more success the more achievement, the more happiness; energy imparts energy; energy means power.

Apply it to yourself; the young people need it, the conservative, behind-the-times people need it, and what is there to mark a well-spent life so well as energy in the centenarian?

Last Fall, when the O'Sullivan Rubber Company had an opportunity to save 10 per cent in the cost of their heels, owing to the low cost of crude rubber, THEY PUT IT IN THE GOODS.

They wisely applied the 10 per cent to secure added *ENERGY*, elasticity and desirability to their heels, soles and other specialties in the form of a higher grade of Para Rubber, without any additional cost to the public.

They want no thanks for doing so; the fact is cited to show the business policy of the O'Sullivan Company.

The purpose of this communication to the public is to call attention to the energy, life and snap in the O'Sullivan Heel of New Rubber AND THE NECESSITY for this quality in the heels TO FILL THEIR MISSION FOR THE PEOPLE.

HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN
Founder of the Rubber Heel Industry

Carnegie says: "Elasticity is what the currency needs."
O'Sullivan says: "Elasticity is what your walk needs to make it natural, graceful and easy."

It won't do to have heels made of dead, musty, ground-up old door mats and the like.

When you decide to wear rubber heels demand O'Sullivan's, that have energy, life, durability: and after telling you why you should demand them, if you don't get them, it's your fault.

We have in mind many people for whom rubber heels are an absolute necessity, but none more so than the Housekeepers.

Juliets and Oxfords for their wear and the wear of Nurses are generally made with Rubber heels on.

The merits of the O'Sullivan heels led the manufacturers to do so; but the shame of it is that some makers, just to save a few cents, put on any old kind that looks like rubber, and it is passed out as "just as good" to the Housekeeper or whoever it may be—and there are thousands who use them.

NOW THIS IS TO TELL THE PUBLIC IMITATIONS ARE "NOT AS GOOD." They are used because they cost less than O'Sullivan's, and the few cents saved by the manufacturers is taken out of the vital point—the comfort to the wearer. If those using house shoes with Rubber Heels on will refuse to accept imitations they'll show the dealers that they know. There's only one kind of heels made of New Live Rubber, that have energy, life and durability—O'Sullivan's. The same difference exists between O'Sullivan's Heels and the imitations that there is between the live wire and the dead one.

O'Sullivan's New Live Rubber Heels

Encourage Walking

Have a pair fitted to your street shoes and you'll want to walk. ALL SENSIBLE people WEAR THEM. Whether you work with your hands or brain, or both, whether you stand or walk, heels of NEW LIVE rubber will aid you. They act as a buffer against the daily grind.

For Men and Women who are doing things, who are making the city's wheels move, they are ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

Only cost 50 cents and they wear TWICE AS LONG AS LEATHER, so that they are CHEAPER TO WEAR. When you decide to get rubber heels demand O'SULLIVAN'S; they are the PIONEERS and the only kind made of LIVE RUBBER. The name O'SULLIVAN on RUBBER is like "STERLING" on silver. All shoe dealers will supply you.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., LOWELL, MASS.

INTO TEMPTATION.

Hicks—"So Mr. Gayboy is going to spend a fortnight at Old Orchard while his wife is in the mountains?"

Wicks—"Yes; what of it?"

Hicks—"Oh, nothing! Only she ought to tie a string around his finger to remind him that he is married."—*Somerville Journal.*

A STRAIGHT TIP.

"The easiest way to succeed, my boy, is to give the people what they want."

"No, sir; you are mistaken. The easiest way to succeed is to make the people think they want what you are giving them."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

When you have made a mistake, always be ready to admit it, but don't regard the admission as complete palliation for making the mistake.—*Ex.*

Why is it that when a man's watch keeps good time he always boasts of it, in a spirit of vainglory, as if he had made the watch himself?—*Exchange.*

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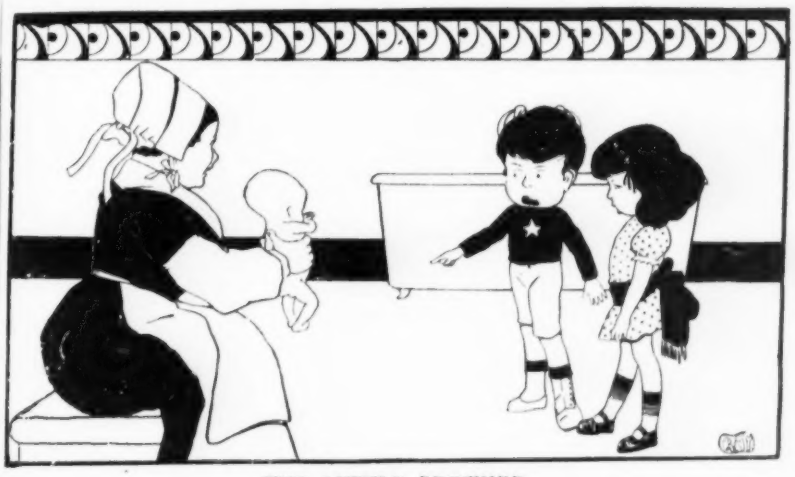

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

"Look, Lili; he has no hair—he has no teeth. Some one has cheated papa; they have sold him an old baby instead of a new one!"—*Le Rire.*

THE FACT THAT THE BULK OF THE WHISKEY SOLD THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES IS BLENDED PROVES THE POPULARITY OF THIS FORM OF WHISKEY

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The man who always loses at poker and still keeps on playing will never lack for friends.—*Exchange.*

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Managing Director

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SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY
Each capsule bears the name MIDY
Beware of counterfeits.
Sold by all druggists.

MATES FOR THE MATELESS.

[These words are rhymeless: Almost, person, modest, corner, peril, coffin, chilblain, dainty, always, cleanly, outside, nervous, absence, hardly, pageant, language.—*London Chronicle.*]

Poets as we love to call most
  Every bard that writes a verse on
Any subject, it is almost
  Time to call this London person.

Though I'm reticent and modest,
  As is every word-adorner,
This remark, of all the oddest,
  Draws me boldly from my corner.

"Rhymeless." Say it at your peril,
  Ere I order up a coffin!
Is there no such stone as "beryl"?
  Wide, indeed, the sleeve I scoff in.

Though the mention of a chilblain
  Isn't beautiful or dainty,
"There's a rhyme," says Mr. Will Blaine.
  He's authority, now, ain't he?

Be you smooth or wear you Galways,
  Or from Atchison or Henley,
Rhymes are very easy, always,
  And the sport is—oh, so cleanly!

Words are but a showy pageant;
  Bards are finishers of language
Union laboring—canst imagine't?—
  For a small and daily gang-wage.

If a bard would only grab sense,
  And would think in manner bardly,
Would he rail at rhymes their absence?
  Would he do it? Would he? Hardly!

Turn 'em frontside, inside, outside,
  And the rhymes will surely serve us.
Why, if I had any doubts I'd
  Be considerably nervous.
—*Exchange.*

A fruit cocktail is a combination of grape fruit, Abbott's Bitters and pulverized sugar to suit taste.

MIGHT EXPERIMENT.

A millionaire lay dying. He had lived a life of which, as he now looked back on it, he felt none too proud. To the minister at his bedside he muttered weakly,

"If I leave fifty thousand pounds or so to the church, will my salvation be assured?"

The minister replied cautiously,

"I wouldn't like to be positive, but it's well worth trying."—*London Opinion.*

SUPERSTITIOUS.

With me no signs or omens count;
  I have no superstitious fears.
"Thirteen at table" brings no dread,
  If only food enough appears.
I would not fear to spill the salt,
  Or walk beneath a ladder's slope.
I put no trust in clairvoyants,
  Or what the racing men call "dope."

I do not stoop to pick up pins;
  I'm very sure 'twould do no good.
I often make a vapid boast,
  And then neglect to knock on wood.
Such signs and omens cut no ice
  With me, I tell you, here and now;
But when Myrtilla stamps her foot,
  I'm sure there's going to be a row!
—*Somerville Journal.*

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White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water."

IN A DOCTOR'S ANTEROOM.

Anyone who has had to wait any considerable length of time in a doctor's public room until the man of medicine was ready to receive him will appreciate an experience of Congressman Francis W. Cushman, of Washington State. It is said the congressman some time ago had occasion to visit one of the noted physicians at the national capital and was compelled for many weary minutes to cool his heels in an anteroom. Finally, his patience becoming exhausted, he summoned an attendant, to whom he said,

"Present my compliments to the doctor, and tell him if I am not admitted in five minutes I shall get well again."

The physician found it convenient to admit Mr. Cushman at once.—*Chicago Post.*

GOOD GROUND FOR COMPLAINT.

Green—"I can't understand why De Short wants a divorce. His wife had nearly half a million when he married her."

Brown—"Yes, and she has every dollar of it yet. That's the trouble."—*Chicago News.*

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The Two Great Whiskies Sold Everywhere
COMBER IRISH
The Waldorf-Astoria Importation Co.
New York Chicago

NUFF SAID.

"He's got more money than he has sense."

"I didn't know he was rich."

"He isn't."—*Boston Transcript.*

By James Montgomery Flagg

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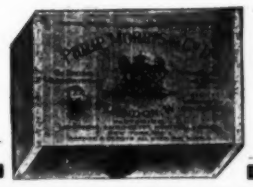

INNOCENT.

"Speaking of matrimony," said the portly stranger, "this car couldn't hold all the women I have married."

"What!" exclaimed the hardware drummer. "Do you mean to say that you are a bigamist?"

"Certainly not," rejoined the P. S. "I'm a minister."—*Chicago News.*

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Pears'

"Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win."

One cake of Pears' convinces.

Sold all over the world.

IN REVOLT.

I've forced the issue at the home,
I've had my say and scrapped it out;
I've crooked the servile knee too long.
My wife has ordered me about
And meekly I've obeyed her will.
But now we've had an awful row,
And this is what I told her straight,
"I won't pit cherries, anyhow!"

I've mowed the lawn and hooked her dress,
I've turned the ice-cream freezer, too;
And I'll wipe dishes now and then—
All things in reason will I do.
I'll put the little ones to bed,
And that's not man's work, you'll allow;
But I've announced myself to her—
I won't pit cherries, anyhow.

I will admit a man should help
His wife by doing simple chores;
A man, I think, should mow the lawn,
And he should paint the kitchen floors.
A man should always do his best
To smooth the furrows from her brow;
But here the limit has been reached—
I won't pit cherries, anyhow.

We had it out last night, when she
Commanded I should start to pit
Two bushels of the luscious fruit,
And thought that meekly I'd submit.
"Get out!" I said to her, like that.
"To such commands I will not bow;
I'll sweep the cellar steps, but, wife,
I won't pit cherries, anyhow."

What if I must be called a brute,
Devoid of feeling and a knave?
What if I must be told that I
Look on a woman as a slave?
I'll have to stand it, I suppose,
For I have made this solemn vow—
I'll do most anything for her,
But won't pit cherries, anyhow.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

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A SCOTCH HEAVEN.

Piper—"The verra pest music I never heard whatever was doun at Jamie Maclauchlan's. There wass fufteen o' us pipers in the wee back parlor, all playin' different chunes. I thocht I was floatin' in heeven!"—*Punch.*

Did you ever try the experiment of going into a drug store on a hot summer day and asking the perspiring clerk at the soda fountain for a hot chocolate?—*Exchange.*

DAINTY pastries, pies and desserts—delicious, attractive, out of the ordinary—are the pride of the cook who uses

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CHEERFUL!

Ma—"You and Fred must elope—your father cannot afford a conventional wedding."
Sis—"But Fred can't afford an elopement, an' he 's relying on pop!"

THE KICKER.

It pays to kick!
A lively protest, when it's justified,
Will often bring relief till then denied;
While acquiescence, peaceful and polite,
Will never help to set a bad wrong right.
The man, red-headed, who in righteous wrath
Jumps in and kicks and clears a path,
Does public service. To expostulate
Brings prompt reform that otherwise would wait—
It pays to kick!

It pays to kick!
The man who mildly yields when things go wrong,
May yield and yield again his whole life long,
While he who rises up in fierce protest
Is always pretty sure to get the best.
The kicker may not be so popular,
But watch the folks around, where'er you are,
And you will find that those with flaws to pick
Get what they want, and get it mighty quick—It pays to kick!

—*Somerville Journal.*

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Some persons never realize the fun they are having until next day.—*Scranton Tribune.*

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TEST HIM.

An Irishman, more patriotic than clever, enlisted in a dragoon regiment with the intention of becoming a gallant soldier. The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword.

"Now," he said, "how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?"

"Bedad!" said Pat, with gleaming eyes, "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming."—*Tit-Bits.*

"May I call you Mabel?" he asked, pausing in his perusal of the menu.

"If you wish to," she said; "but my name is Maude."—*Philippines Gossip.*

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Last summer, while sojourning at a large hotel in Maine, a prominent New Yorker decided to give a dinner to several friends in honor of his wife's birthday. Making inquiries, he discovered that no wines of any description would be furnished by the management, Maine being a prohibition State.

He was told, however, that should he succeed in having the desired wines delivered from outside sources care would be taken to have them properly iced and served.

The host-to-be set about to procure the necessary beverages and evidently succeeded, for about three days later a sturdy countryman strode up to the desk, and in a voice loud enough for all to hear, demanded of the clerk, "Is Mr X. anyw'ar's round? Tell him to hurry up down t' the dock. There's a box of books down thar for 'im, an' it's leakin'."—*Philadelphia Record.*

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

Long—"When I let you have that five dollars you said you couldn't pay me for a couple of weeks."

Short—"Let me see—how long ago was that?"

Long—"About three months."

Short—"Well, I may be a little slow, but at all events I'm no liar."—*Chicago News.*

AWFUL RESTRAINT.

"Convention hems us in, after all."

"How now, girl?"

"I want to wear a green hat and that shade is not a match for my hair. Yet I haven't the nerve to get my hair dyed green."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

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A PREVENTIVE.

"See here," said the tailor, as he headed the young man off, "do you cross the street every time you see me to keep from paying that bill you owe me?"

"I should say not," replied the young man.

"Then why do you do it?" asked the knight of the tape.

"To keep you from asking for it," answered the other.—*Chicago News.*

THE SAME.

"That 'Gus' is certainly a nifty dresser. He has a suit of clothes for every day in the week."

"Why, he has the same suit on every time I see him!"

"Yep—that's the one."—*Cleveland Leader.*

BY FORCE.

She—"So your friend Singleton has voluntarily joined the ranks of the benedicts, has he?"

He—"Not exactly; he was drafted. A widow married him."—*Exchange.*

CYNICAL.

"A philosopher, pa"——

"Philosopher, Willie," answered skimpy little Mr. Hennypeck, "is a married man who does not wish he wasn't."—*Smart Set.*

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The real problem about problem plays is why decent people go to see them.—*Exchange.*

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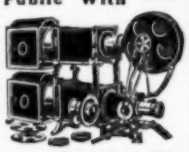

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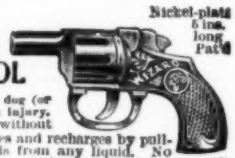

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We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. **THE FIELD IS LARGE**, comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** fully explains special offer. **Sent Free.**

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If You Are a Quality Man

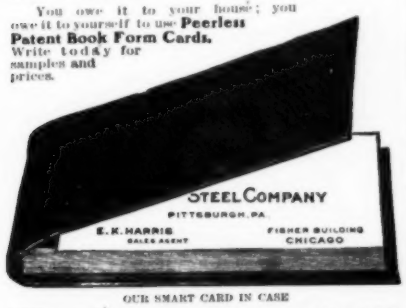
differentiate yourself. A high quality card always indicates a high quality man, and a high quality man always sells high quality goods.

Peerless Patent Book Form Cards

are the highest quality cards, because they have smooth edges and show no indication of having been detached from book. Beautifully engraved, they fix your status when you present them. Nothing better can be bought. Nothing finer can be made.

Your card represents your individual taste, your degree of culture, your business judgment, and is a sure index of your calibre. Cheap men use cheap cards, represent cheap houses and sell cheap goods.

You owe it to your house; you owe it to yourself to use **Peerless Patent Book Form Cards.** Write today for samples and prices.



OUR SMART CARD IN CASE

THE JOHN B. WIGGINS COMPANY
Sole Manufacturers
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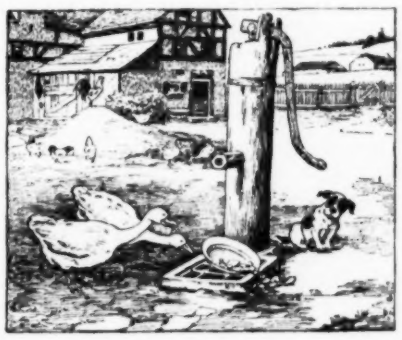
THE RESOURCEFUL GOOSE.

SHE MAKES THE MOST OF THE TALENT GOD HAS GIVEN HER.

—*Fliegende Blaetter.*



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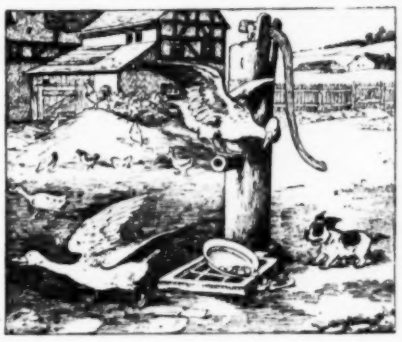

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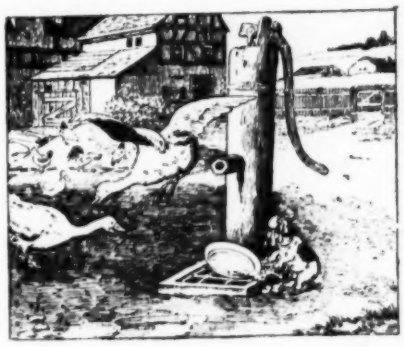

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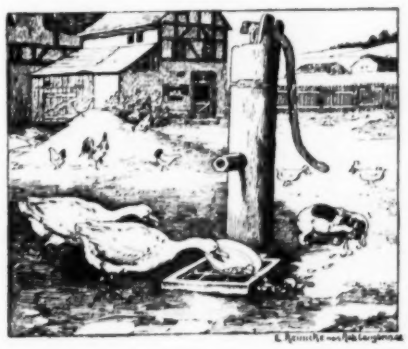

5.

Chill Fall Nights

Before the fires are lighted, when the evenings are chilly and damp, the room in which you sit should be warm and dry for your health's sake as well as comfort.

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless device)

is just the thing for this time of year. Touch a match to the wick—turn it up as far as it will go. You can't turn it too high, the Smokeless Device prevents. Heats a large room in a few minutes and can be carried easily from one room to another. Handsomely finished in nickel or japan. Burns 9 hours with one filling. Every heater warranted.

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TWENTY WEEKS

OF

Judge

CARTOONS

Commended by Cabinet officers, senators, and congressmen, railroad officials, bankers, and business men as

VOTE-GETTERS

SEND

ONE DOLLAR

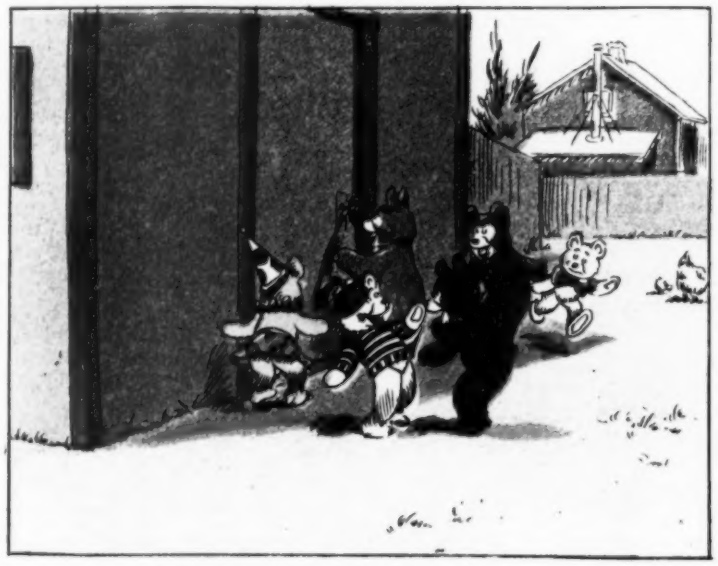
JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

Judge

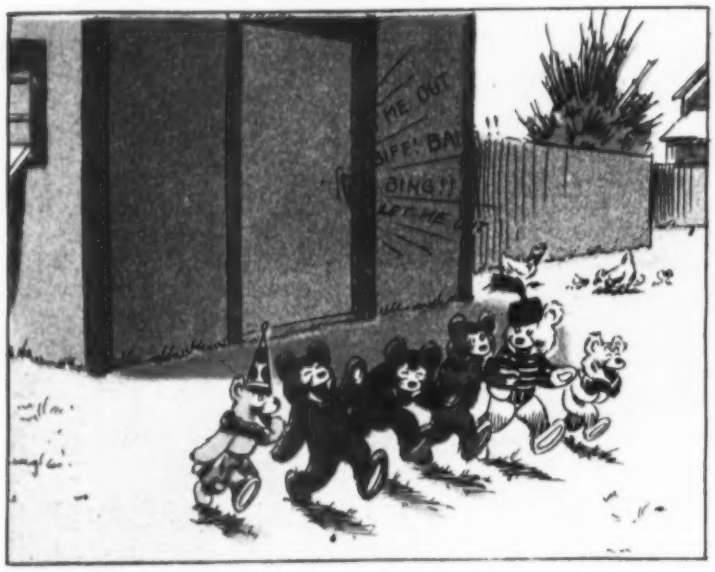
LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

THE TEDDIES MEET A SAD MISHAP—THEY CATCH A TARTAR IN A TRAP.

1. John tires of the Teds at play,
And guesses he will run away.
The barn door 's open nice and wide,
But Johnny does not go inside—



2. For he has heard suspicious sounds,
And knows that some one's on the grounds.
The Teds come up and hear it, too,
And think it Johnny, lost to view.



3. They bolt the door and make it tight,
And linger 'round in great delight—
For muffled screams of fear and rage
Come as from lions in a cage.

4. At last they start to let him out,
And greet him with a mocking shout;
But oh, dismay! oh, horrid fright!
This is no boy that meets their sight.

5. 'Tis Mother Brown, in anger loud,
Who seizes on the trembling crowd.
She grabs a stick upon the spot,
And my! the spanking that they got!

6. Then, safely locked within a room,
The Bears are overcome with gloom.
They feel so sore they wish they'd die,
And Johnny jeers them, standing by.

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The First Series of the adventures of "Little Johnny and the Teddy Bears" is now ready in handsome book form. Price, 60 cents. For sale by book dealers everywhere, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by Judge Company, Fifth Avenue and Madison Square, New York.